

THE
POOR SOLDIER,
A
COMIC OPERA;

IN TWO ACTS;

WITH ALL THE
ORIGINAL SONGS;

WRITTEN BY

JOHN O'KEEFE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE

SON-IN-LAW, AGREEABLE SURPRISE, CASTLE OF
ANDALUSIA, AND OTHER DRAMATIC PIECES.

AS ACTED

AT THE THEATRES ROYAL
Covent Garden & Smock Alley.

A NEW AND CORRECT EDITION,

From the Author's Original Manuscript.

D U B L I N :

Printed by G. PERRIN, No. 3, Castle-Street.

M.DCC.LXXXV.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

LONDON. DUBLIN.

PAT, the Poor Soldier,	<i>Mrs. Kennedy, Mr. Wood.</i>
Captain FITZROY,	<i>Mr. Bannister, Mr. Cubitt.</i>
BARTHELLE,	<i>Mr. Werwitzer, Mr. G. Dawson.</i>
DERMOT,	<i>Mr. Johnston, Mr. Palmer.</i>
DARBY,	<i>Mr. Edwin, Mr. Ryder.</i>
Father LUKE,	<i>Mr. Wilson, Mr. O'Reilly.</i>

W O M E N.

NORAH,	<i>Mrs. Bannister, Miss Hitchcock.</i>
KATHLEEN,	<i>Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Hitchcock.</i>

The Poor Soldier.

A C T I.

Scene first, the Country.

View of Two Cottages.

DARBY, *without.*

NOW what harm, Dermot?

DERMOT, *without.*

Why 'tis harm, so stay where you are.

Enter DERMOT and DARBY,

Dar. Upon my faith, I won't say a word.

Derm. Go along back, I tell you.

Dar. Lud, I never saw such a man as you are; sure I'll only stand by.

Derm. But I tell you it's not proper for any one to be by, when one's along with one's sweetheart.

Dar. Well, I always like to be by when I'm along with my sweetheart,—she's asleep,—I'll call her up,
—Hollo, Kathleen! [*Calls at the Cottage.*]

Derm. Will you be quiet, Darby? Can't you go make a noise there under Father Luke's Window?

Dar. Ecod if I do, he'll put me in the Bishops Court.

A 2

Derm.

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Derm. If I wasn't so fond of Kathleen, I should think Norah, his niece there, a very handsome girl.

Dar. Why so she is; but since her own sweetheart Patrick, full of ale and vexation, went for a soldier, she don't care a pin for the prettiest of us; by the law, she even turned up her nose at me.

Derm. Well, well, you'll see how it will be: somebody I know.--

Dar. Aye, you mean the foreign serving man to the strange Officer, that's just come from America, and is now above at my Lord's.—Eh! why faith, Dermot, it would indeed be a shame to let a black muzzled Mounseer of a Frenchman, carry off a pretty Girl from a parcel of tight Irish boys of us.

Derm. So 'twou'd, Darby: but my sweet Kathleen is fast asleep, and never dreams that her poor Dermot is here under her Window.

Dar. Ay, never dreams that poor Darby's under her Window; but I'll have her up,——Kathleen,—Kathleen.——

Derm. Hush.

AIR I.

Sleep on, sleep on, my Kathleen dear,
May peace possess thy breast;
Yet dost thou dream thy true love's here,
Depriv'd of peace and rest?

II.

The birds sing sweet, the morning breaks,
Those joys are none to me;
Tho' sleep is fled, poor Dermot wakes,
To none but love and thee.

[Exit Dermot.]

Dar. What a dull dog that is!—Ah! poor Dermot, ha, ha; why such a song cou'dn't wake an owl out of his sleep; let alone a pretty girl that's dreaming of me! Upon my conscience,——yes, I'll rouse her.

AIR



THE POOR SOLDIER.

AIR II.

Dear Kathleen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
You never dream how late 'tis.
This morning gay,
I post away,
To have with you a bit of play,
On two legs rid
Along to bid
Good morrow to your night cap.

II.

Last night a little bowzy,
With whiskey, ale, and cyder,
I ask'd young Betty Blowsey,
To let me sit beside her.
Her anger rose,
And sour as sloes,
The little gipsy cock'd her nose:
Yet here I've rid,
Along to bid,
Good morrow to your night cap.

(Kathleen opens her Window, Darby looks up.)

Dar. Ay there she is — Oh, I'm the Boy for it!

Kath. Is that Dermot?

D. r. Oh, dear me, she takes me for Dermot, he, he

Kath. Who's there?

Dar. Sure it's only I.

Kath. What, Dermot?

D. r. Yes, I am, ——— Darby. *(aside.)*

Kath. Stay a bit, I'm comin' down. *(Retires.)*

Dar. I'll bring her down; I'm a nice marksman.

Enter KATHLEEN, from the Cottage.

Kath. Where are you, my dear Dermot?

Dar. *(comes forward)* " Good morrow to your night cap."

Kath. Darby! now, hang you for an impudent fellow.

Dar. Then hang me about your neck, my sweet Kathleen.

Kath. It's a fine thing that people can't take their rest of a morning, but you must come roaring under their Windows.

Dar. Now, what need you be so cross with a body, when you know I love you too?

Kath. Well, let me alone, Darby; for once for all, I tell you, I will not have you.

Dar. No!

Kath. No; as I hope for man, I won't.

Dar. Ha, ha, ha, hope for man, and yet won't have me!

Kath. Yes, but I'll tell you what sort of a man; then look in the river, and see if you are he.

Dar. And if not, I'll pop in head foremost.

Kath. Do, Darby, and then you may whistle for me.

Dar. How can I whistle when the speak's out of me?

AIR III

Since love is the plan,
I'll love if I can,
But first let me tell you what sort of a man:
In address how compleat
And in dress spruce and neat,
No matter how tall, so he's over five feet:
Not dull, nor too witty,
His eyes I'll think pretty,
If sparkling with pleasure whenever we meet.

II.

Tho' gentle he be,
His man he shall see,
Yet never be conquer'd by any but me.
In a song bear a bob,
In a glass a hob nob,
Yet drink of his reason his noddle ne'er rob,
This is my Fancy,
If such a man can see,
I'm his if he's mine; until then I am free.

Dar.

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Dar. So then you won't have me?

Kath. No, that I won't.

Dar. Why, I'm a better match for you than Dermot.

Kath. No.

Dar. No! hav'n't I every thing comfortable about me? cows, sheep, geese, and turkeys, for you to look after in the week days, and a pretty pad for you to ride to chapel on a Sunday; a nice little cabin for you to live in, and a neat bit of a potatoe garden for you to walk in, and for a husband, I'm as pretty a lad as you'd meet with of a long Summer's day.

Kath. Get along; don't talk to me of your geese, and your turkeys, man, with your conceit and your nonsense.—You know, Darby, I'm an heiress, and so take your answer, you're no match for me.

Dar. An heiress! why tho' your father, old Jorum, that kept the Harp and Crown, left you well enough in the world, as a body may say, yet——

Kath. Well enough! you disparaging Fellow! didn't my Father leave me a fortune of eleven pounds, a barrel of Ale upon draught, the dappled Mare, besides the furniture of the whole House which 'prais'd to a matter of thirty-eight shillings? Well enough, indeed!

Dar. Nay, but Kathleen——

Kath. Well enough! And didn't he leave me the bald Filley, you puppy?

Dar. Ay, now she is got upon the bald Filley, the devil wouldn't take her down.

DARBY and KATHLEEN.—Duett.

K. Out of my sight, or I'll box your ears.

D. I'll fit you soon for your jibes and jeers.

K. I'll cock my cap at a smart young man.

D. Another I'll wed this day if I can.

K. ——— In courtship sunny,

D. ——— One sweet as honey!

K. ——— You drone.

D. No, Kate, I am your humble bee,

K. Go dance your dogs with your fiddle dee dee.

For a sprightly lad is the man for me.

D. You'll never meet such a kind soul as me;

K.

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II.

K. Like sweet milk turn'd, to me now seems love.

D. The fragrant rose does a nettle prove.

K. Sour curds I taste, tho' sweet cream I chuse.

D. And with a flow'r I fling my nose.

In courtship, &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter *Captain FITZROY.*

Fitz. Aye, here's Father Luke's house.—I doubt if his charming niece is up yet.—I shall be back before the family are stirring; the beauty and freshness of the morning exhilarates and delights. (*Horns sound at a distance*) Going out with the Hounds;—but my game lies another way.

AIR V.

The twins of Latona, so kind to my boon,

Arise to partake of the chace,

And Sol lends a ray to chaste Dian's fair moon,

And a smile to the smiles of her face.

For the sport I delight in, the bright Queen of love

With myrtles my brows shall adorn;

While Pan breaks his chaunter and skulks in the grove,

Excell'd by the sound of the Horn.

The dogs are uncoupled, and sweet is their cry,

Yet sweeter the notes of sweet Echo's reply:

Hark forward, my honies, the game is in view,

But love is the game that I wish to pursue.

II.

The Stag from his Chamber of woodbine peeps out,

His sentence he hears in the Gale;

Yet flies, 'till entangled in fear and in doubt,

His courage and constancy fail.

Surrounded

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Surrounded by foes he prepares for the fray,
Despair taking place of his fear;
With antlers erected, a while stands at bay,
Then surrenders his life with a tear
The dogs are uncoupled, &c.

Father LUKE'S door opens.

Fitz. 'Tis she.—I fear to speak, lest I should be
observed by some of the Villagers. [Retires.]

Enter NORAH from the House.

AIR VI.

The meadows look chearful, the birds sweetly sing,
So gaily they carrol the praises of spring;
Tho' nature rejoices, poor Norah shall mourn,
Until her dear Patrick again shall return.

II.

Ye lasses of Dublin, ah, hide your gay charms,
Nor lure her dear Patrick, from Norah's fond arms;
Tho' sattins, and ribbons, and laces are fine,
They hide not a heart with such feelings as mine.

Nor. If the grass is not too wet, perhaps Kathleen
will take a walk with me.—Ah! she's gone to walk with
her sweetheart Dermot: well, if Patrick hadn't forlook
me, I shoud'n't now want a companion.—Oh, dear!
here's the Gentleman that my uncle's always teizing me
about.

Fitz. A fine morning, madam; but your presence gives
an additional lustre to the beauties of this charming scene.

Nor. Sir!

Fitz. Nay, do not avert those lovely eyes,—look kindly on me.

Bag. [without.] Oh, mon maitre! mon maitre!

Nor. Do, Sir, permit me to withdraw; our village
is very cenforious; and a gentleman's being seen with me,
will neither add to your honour nor my reputation.

(Exit into House.)

Enter

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Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Ah, mon maitre !

Fitz. What does this blockhead mean ?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur—a—ah—

Fitz. Well, what's the matter ?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur, I am come—I am come—to tell you—that—I am out of breath.

Fitz. What's the matter ?

Bag. It is all blown.

Fitz. (*half aside*) I suppose my love affair here is discovered.

Bag. Oui, Monsieur: I have discover dat all your Mareschalle Poudre is blown out of de vindre, and I must go to town for more.

Fitz. What, and is this the discovery that has made you run after me ?

Bag. Non, Monsieur, but I did like to forget to tell you dat my lor Lofly and all de fine ladies wait for your honour's company in de breakfast Parlor.

Fitz. Damn your impertinence, Grrah: Why did you not tell me that at first?—follow me and be in the way. [*Exit.*

Bag. Ah mon maitre ! je vous remercie tres humblement ; ah ! ah ! begar dis is de Priest's house, and I did meet him in de village—fort bien. Ah, 'tis bon opportunité to make love to his niece—I vill finish de affaire with coup d'eclat.—Somebody come—Now for Mademoiselle Norah. [*Exit into house.*

SCENE, *another View of the Coun'ry*

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, here I am after all the dangers of war return'd to my native village, two years older than I went—not much wiser, up to the heart in love, and not a sixpence in my pocket. (*Darby sings without.*) Isn't that Darby ? It is indeed, and as foolish as ever.

Enter

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Enter D A R B Y.

Dar. Is it Pat?—my dear boy, you're welcome—
you're welcome, my dear boy.

Pat. Thank you, Darby, but how are all friends
since I left 'em?

Dar. Finely, except one.—

Pat. Who's that?

Dar. A cow of mine that died last Michaelmas.

Pat. But tell me, how is my dear Norah?

Dar. As pretty as ever—I must'n't tell him of the
Mounseer that's about her house. (*aside.*) 'Twas a
shame for you Pat to turn soldier, and run away from
her.

Pat. Cou'd I help it when her ill-natur'd uncle
refus'd me his consent, and she woud'nt marry me with-
out it?

Dar. Why, Father Luke's very cross, indeed, to us
young lovers,—eh, Pat! But let's look at you—egad,
you make a tight little Soldier enough.

Pat. Ay, Darby, a soldier's the finest thing in the
world.

PATRICK—AIR VII.

[Tune, Little House under the Hill.]

How happy the Soldier who lives on his pay,
And spends half-a-crown out of six-pence a day!
Yet fears neither justices, warrants, nor bums,
But pays all his debts with the roll of his drums.
With a row de-row, &c.

II.

He cares not a marvedy how the world goes,
The King finds him Quarters, and money and clothes:
He laughs at all Sorrow whenever it comes,
And rattles away with the roll of his drums.
With a row de-row, &c.
The

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III.

The drum is his glory, his joy and delight,
It leads him to pleasure as well as to fight,
No girl when she hears it, tho' ever so glum,
But packs up her tatters, and follows the drum.

With a row de-row, &c.

Dar. Ah, you'll have Norah with your row de-dow.
—Od, if I thought I cou'd get Kathleen by turning
soldier, I'd list to-morrow morning.

Pat. Well, do, and I'll introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. Aye, do if you please—I think I'd look very
pretty in a red coat, he! he! he!—Let's see how
the Hat becomes me! (*takes Pat's hat off*) What's
that?

[*Seeing the scar on Pat's forehead.*]

Pat. Only a wound I got in battle.

Dar. Take your hat, I don't think regimentals
would become me at all.

Pat. Ha! ha! ha! What terrified at a scar, eh
Darby?

Dar. Me terrified! not I—I don't mind twenty
scars, only it looks so conceited for a man to have a
black patch upon his face—But how did you get that
beauty spot?

Pat. In my attempt to save the life of an officer,
and there I was left for dead upon the field, bleeding
in my country's cause.

Dar. Left for dead!

Pat. There was glory for you, my boy.

Dar. So, there they found you bleeding in your
glory.

Pat. Come, now, I'll introduce you to the serjeant.

Dar. Hem! yes, I'm coming, fir.

Pat. Oh, yonder's the serjeant.—Where are you
going?

Dar. To meet him—I'll be with you presently,
fir.—Glory—(*looking at Pat.*) row de-row, &c.

[*Exit.*]

Pat. Ha! ha! ha!—the sight of a wound is enough
for poor Darby—but now to see my sweet Norah,
and then for a pitcher of friendship with all my old
companions.

Sings.

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[*Sings.*]

A I R VIII.

The wealthy fool with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer,
 Give me but health, I ask no more,
 My little girl, my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.
 Tho' fortune ever shuts my door,
 (I know not what can thus bewitch her)
 With all my heart : can I be poor,
 With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher?
 My friend, &c. [*Exit.*]

SCENE. *Inside of Father Luke's House.*

BAGATELLE *discovered speaking at a door.*

Bag. I vou'd only speak von vord vis you, ouvrez la porte, ma chere—open de door, s'il vous plait, mademoiselle Norah.

Nor. (from within.) I request, sir, that you'll go away.

Bag. First give me von little kifs.

Nor. (from within.) Upon my word, this is exceeding rude behaviour, and if my uncle finds you there, see what he'll say to you.

Bag. Oh, de Father Luke,—begar, he may be enragée. (aside) Vel, I am going,—bon matin, madame Norah, I am going.

Pat. (without.) Where is my charming girl?

Bag. Ah, mal peste. Begar I am all take. I vil hide. [*Goes into a closet.*]

Enter PAT.

Pat. Eh, all the doors open, and nobody at home?
 (knocks.) Who's here?

B

Nor.

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Nor. (from within.) You're a very rude man, and I desire you'll leave the house.

Pat. Leave the house! a kind reception after two years' absence.

Enter NORAH.

Nor. Sure I know that voice—my Patrick!

Pat. My dear, dear Norah!

Nor. If I was dear to you, ah, Patrick, how cou'd you leave me so unkindly, to mourn your absence?

Pat. And were you sorry for my going?

Nor. Ah, my Patrick, judge of my sorrow at your absence by these tears of joy for your return.

Pat. My sweet girl! this precious moment makes amends for all the dangers and fatigues I have suffered since our parting.

Bag. (from closet.) Ah, pauvre Bagatelle!

Pat. I heard a noise.

Nor. Oh heav'ns, if it shou'd be my uncle, what shall I do? he's more averse to our union than ever—hold! I'll step to the door.

Pat. And if you hear Father Luke coming up stairs—I'll step in here. (Goes to the closet, and discovers Bagatelle.) Eh, what's here? Is this your sorrow for my absence, and tears for my return?

Bag. Begar, monsieur, I'm sorry for your return.

Nor. Unlucky.

Bag. Monsieur, tres humblement serviteur. [Comes out.]

Pat. Shut up here with a rascally hair-dresser!

Bag. Hair-dresser! monsieur, you shall give me de satisfaction—I vill challenge you, and I vill meet you wid—

Pat. With your curling irons!

Bag. Curling irons! ha!

Pat. Hold your tongue, except you like to walk out of a window.

Bag. Monsieur, to oblige you, I vill walk out of a vi'dre, but I vould rader walk down stairs—I am not particular in dat point.

Pat.

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Pat. March, firrah, or I'll cudgel you whilst I can hold a splinter of Shillelah. [*Exit Bag.*] Ah, Norah, cou'd I have believ'd this of you?

Nor. Cou'd I have believ'd my Patrick wou'd have harbour'd a thought to my disadvantage?

Pat. Ah, no matter.

Nor. And can you really believe me inconstant?

Pat. If I do, Norah, my heart is the only sufferer

D U E T.

PATRICK and NORAH.

PAT. A rose tree in full bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see,
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me.
Tho' eager then to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay :
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

NOR. How fine this morning early,
All sunshiny, clear and bright !
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' lost now each fond delight.
The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen,
Farewell ye fleeting hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.
How fine, &c.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, I. *The Country.**Enter DARBY.*

Dar. SO I must fall in love—I wish I had first fallen
in the river—Oh, dear!

Bagatelle. (without) Oh, Monsieur Darby!

Dar. Lord, this is Mr. *Bag and Tail*, the Monsieur.

Enter BAGATELLE.

Bag. Ah, ah! Monsieur Darby, begar I did look all
about, and I cou'd no findy you.

Dar. That's because I'm so wrapt up in love.

Bag. Monsieur Pat fall fight a me?

Dar. Oh, you're going to fight Pat.

Bag. Oui, and dis is de challenge, de lettre de mort.

Dar. Oh, what, you'll *leather him more*!

Bag. Diable! vat is leather a more? attendez, dis sol-
dier Patrick did affront a me before Mademoiselle Norah,
and I vill have de satisfaction—A ha, (*fences*) begar I
vill kill soldier Pat, and you fall be my friend.

Dar. Can't you as well kil Dermot, and then you'll
be my friend? but why kill Pat?

Bag. C'est Monsieur Pat,—c'est Barbare.

Dar. Oh, because *you're a barber*!

Bag. Ah, sacre dieu! vould you 'front me?

Dar. Not I.

Bag. Taisez vous, you vill be my friend if you vill
give dis challenge to monsieur Patrick.

Dar. Give it me—By the Lord Harry, man, he shall
have it.

Bag.

Bag. I vill not trust dat Lord Harry's man; give it yourself.

Dar. Well, I will.

Bag. Dere it is—my Lord Lofty's coachman did write it for me, as he is Englis.

Dar. Let's see—" (*Darby opens and reads it*) "Sir, this comes hopping"—hopping, I'll *run all* the way if that will do—" that you're in good health as I am at this present writing. I'll tell you what friend, tho' you think yourself " a great officer, you don't make me walk out of a window. And this comes to let you know, I'll have Norah in spite of you, I'll be damn'd if I don't, and more-over than that, meet me at the Elm Grove at seven " in the evening, where you must give me satisfaction, " but not with curling irons. Till then I am your's, as " in duty bound."

Bag. Oui, dat is de etiquette of de challenge; I put no name for fear of the law.

Dar. It is not directed, but Pat shall have it.

Bag. Dat is it.—You must come to de fight wid me, I have de pistols.

Dar. Pistols!

Bag. Oui, you shall be my second.

Dar. Pistols!—*second!*—Eh! couldnt I as well be your *third* or *fourth*?

Bag. Ah, Monsieur, you are wrong, toute autre chose.

Dar. Oh, I must get *two other shoes!* (*looking at his shoes.*)

Bag. Non, non! well Monsieur Darby, serviteur—Now I have sent my challenge, I am ready in de duel to decide de point of honor, and so I vill go—brush my master's coat.

[*Exit Bag.*

D A R B Y *solus.*

Pistols!—I don't much like giving this challenge to Pat—he's a devil of a fellow since he turn'd soldier. As he bid Monsieur walk out of a window, he may desire

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me to walk up the chimney—ecod the boy at the ale-house shall give it him—Oh, what had I to do to fall in love !

[*Sings.*]—AIR X:

Tho' late I was plump, round and jolly,
I now am as thin as a rod ;
Oh ! I'm afraid that this same melancholy,
Will soon leave me under the sod.
Dootherum, doodle-adgity, nadgety, tragedy, rum,
Goofeterum, foodle-idgity, fidgety, nidgety, mum.

Dear Kathleen, then why would you flout me,
A boy that is cozey and warm ;
I've every thing decent about me,
My snug little cabbins and farm.

Dootherum, &c.

What tho' I have not sav'd much money,
No duns in my chamber attend ;
On Sunday I ride on my pony,
And still have a bit for a friend.

Dootherum, &c.

The cock courts his hens all around me,
The sparrow, the pigeon, and dove ;
Oh ! how all this courtship confounds me,
For want of the girl that I love !

Dootherum, &c.

[*Exit* Dar.

Enter NORAH.

Nor. No where can I find him—and I fear my uncle will miss me from home—my letter must have convinc'd him how he wrong'd me by his suspicions—unkind Patrick.

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trick! If I could but once more see him, a convent then shou'd be welcome, for I am determin'd never to give my hand to another.

NORAH *Sings.*

AIR XI.

Farewell, ye groves, and chrystal fountains,
The gladsome plains, and silent dell;
Ye humble vales, and lofty mountains,
And welcome now a lonely cell.
And ah, farewell, fond youth, most dear!
Thy tender plaint, the vow sincere,
We'll meet and share the parting tear,
And take a long and last farewell.

But here he comes——my Patrick!

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. My dear Norah, excuse my delay—but so many old acquaintance in the village.——

Nor. You got my letter?

Pat. Yes, and I'm ashamed of my folly; to be jealous of such a baboon too?

Nor. Aye, he'd be soon cashier'd if his master Captain Fitzroy, knew of his presumption.

Pat. Ah, Norah! I feel more terror at that one Captain's name, than I did at the sight of a whole army of enemies drawn up in battle array against me.

Nor. My dearest Patrick! only be constant, love me as I think you do, and mine is fixt on such a basis of permanent affection, as never can be shaken.

Pat. And can you prefer a poor foot soldier to a captain—eh, my sweet Norah?

Nor. Ah, my Patrick! you may be only a private soldier in the army, but you're a field officer here, (*laying her hand on her breast.*)

Pat. Charming generous girl.

AIR

AIR. XII.—PATRICK,

Tho' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades ;
 Its groves of fine myrtle, its beds of sweet flowers,
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids.
 As each his own village must still make the most of,
 In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong ;
 Dear Carton containing what kingdoms may boast of,
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

II.

Be gentlemen fine with their spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare ;
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and their nice powder'd
 hair

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long ;
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah the theme of my song.

Enter FITZROY, (behind)

Fitz. (aside.) My little country wife in company with
 a common soldier !

Nor. Don't fail to come to our house as you promis'd,
 for at that time my uncle will be down at Dermot's.—
 I have a notion 'twill be a match between him and Kath-
 leen ; my uncle's her guardian.—Adieu, my Patrick !
 you'll come early.

[Exit Norah.]

Pat. Happy Dermot ! his Kathleen had not charms
 to attract the attention of this gentleman ; but because
 Norah is more beautiful, Patrick is most unhappy !

Fitz. This is a timely and fortunate discovery ! If
 I had

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I had married her I should have been in a hopeful way.
(*Comes forward*) A pretty girl you have got there, brother soldier.

Pat. (*Looks earnestly at Fitzroy.*) She is handsome, Sir.

Fitz. You seem to be well with her, Eh?

Pat. (*Sighs.*) But without her.—

Fitz. Oh, then you think you shall be without her?

Pat. Yes, Sir.

Fitz. What parts you?

Pat. My poverty.

Fitz. Why, *she* don't seem to be rich.

Pat. No, Sir; but my rival is.

Fitz. Oh, you've a rival?

Pat. I have, Sir.

Fitz. (*aside.*) Now for a character of myself.—
Some rich rascal I suppose?

Pat. Sir, I envy him his riches, only, because they give him a superior claim to my Norah; and for your other epithet, I'm sure he don't deserve it.

Fitz. How so?

Pat. Because he's an Officer, and therefore a man of honour.

Fitz. It's a pity, my friend, that you're not an officer; you seem to know so well what an officer should be.—
Pray have you been in any action?

Pat. I have seen some service, Sir.

Fitz. Where, in America?

Pat. Yes, Sir.

Fitz. Have you been in Carolina?

Pat. Yes, Sir, I was at that dangerous crossing of Beattie's Ford.

Fitz. (*with emotion.*) Indeed! Were you in the Action at Beattie's Ford?

Pat. Here's my witness, Sir. (*Lifts up his hat.*) I received this wound in the rescue of an officer.

Fitz. (*aside.*) By Heaven, the very soldier that saved my life—Then, I suppose, he rewarded you handsomely.

Pat. I look'd for no reward, Sir—I fought—'twas my duty as a foldier—to protect a fallen man was but an office

office of humanity.—Good morning to your honour.

Fitz. Where are you going now, my honest friend?

Pat. To abandon my country for ever.

Fitz. Poor fellow! But, my lad, I think you'd best keep the field, for if the girl likes you, she'll certainly prefer you to your wealthy rival.

Pat. And for that reason I'll resign her—as I love her, I'll leave her to the good fortune she merits; 'twou'd be only love to myself, should I involve her in my indigence.

Fitz. Well, but my lad, take my advice and see the girl once again before you go.

Pat. Sir I am oblig'd to you—you must be a good natur'd gentleman, and I'll take your advice—I will venture to see my Norah once more. *[Exit Pat.]*

Fitz. What a noble spirit!—there let the embroider'd epaulet take a cheap lesson of bravery, honour and generosity, from six-pence a day and worsted lace.

Enter a Boy, with a letter.

Boy. Pray sir, are you the man in the red coat?

Fitz. Why, yes, my little hero, I think I am the man in the red coat?

Boy. Then Darby desir'd me to give you that *(gives letter and exit without being perceived)*

Fitz. *(opening the letter.)* Darby, a new Correspondent? reads. "This comes, hopping—&c.——hem——&c.——hem——&c.——duty bound"—

A curious challenge! and pray my little friend, who is this Mr. Darby? *(looks about)* Eh, why the herald's off—my Norah seems to have plenty of lovers here, but how has my attachment transpir'd? seven o'clock in the Elm Grove—well, we shall see what sort of stuff Mr. Darby's made of—This charming girl! how unlucky, to erect so fair a mansion on another man's foundation! *[Exit.]*

SCENE

SCENE III. *Outside of Dermot's Cottage.*

Enter Father LUKE and DERMOT.

F. Luke. Well, now, Dermot, I'm come to your house with you—what is this business?

Derm. Oh! Sir, I'll tell you.

F. Luke. Unburthen your conscience to me, Child—speak freely—you know I'm your spiritual confessor—Have you tapp'd the barrel of ale yet?

Derm. That I have, Sir, and you shall taste it.

[Exit into the Cottage.]

F. LUKE solus.

F. Luke. Aye, he wants to come round me for my ward Kathleen, a wheedling son of a—

Re-enter Dermot, (with a Jug of Ale.)

My dear child, what's that?

Derm. Only your favorite brown jug, Sir.

F. Luke. (*taking and drinking it*) now, child, why will you do these things?

Derm. (*Aside.*) I'll prime him well before I mention Kathleen; It's a hard heart that a sup of drink can't soften.

F. Luke. I think, Dermot, that jug and I are old acquaintance?

Derm. That you are indeed, Sir.—

DERMOT—AIR XIII.

Dear Sir, this brown Jug, that now foams with mild ale,

Out of which I now drink to sweet Kate of the vale.
Was

Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
 As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
 In boozing about, 'twas his praise to excel,
 And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

II.

It chanc'd in dog-days, as he sat at his ease,
 In his flow'r-woven arbour, so gay as you please,
 With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
 And with honest old Stingo was soaking his clay,
 His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
 And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

III.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time, into clay, had dissolv'd it again;
 A Potter found out in its covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
 Now sacred to friendship and mirth, and mild ale;
 So here's to my lovely sweet Kate of the vale.

[Exit Derm.]

Enter DARBY.

Dar. How do you do, Father Luke?

F. Luke. Go away Darby, you're a rogue.

Dar. Father Luke, consent that I shall marry Kathleen?

F. Luke. What, you marry Kathleen, you reprobate!

Dar. Give her to me and I'll give your Reverence a sheep.

F. Luke. Oh, well, I always thought you were a boy that wou'd come to good—a sheep!—you shall have Kathleen—you've been very wicked.

Dar. Not I, Sir.

F. Luke. What, an't I your priest, and know what wickedness is? but repent it and marry.

Dar. Yes, sir, I'll marry and repent it.

Father

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Father L U K E *sings.*

A I R XIV.

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is mine ;
But if you grow wicked, it's not a good sign ;
So leave off your raking, and marry a wife ;
And then, my dear Darby, you're settled for life.

Sing Byllynamona Oro,
A good merry wedding for me.

II.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,
The bride and the bridegroom in coats white as snow;
So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing, &c.

III.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away,
She blushes at love, and she whispers, obey.
You take her dear hand to have and to hold,
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing, &c.

The snug little guinea for me.

IV.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and bride,
The piper before us, we march side by side ;
A good wedding dinner, gives joy to each face,
The piper plays up, and myself says the grace.

Sing, &c.

A good wedding dinner for me.

C

The

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The joke now goes round, and the stocking is thrown,
The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone ;
'Tis then, my dear boy, that I believe you're at home,
And heigh for a christening, at nine months to come.

Sing, &c.

A good merry christening for me.

You shall have Kathleen, and here she comes.

Enter KATHLEEN.

Dar. Thank you, Sir ?

Kath. Is Dermot within, Sir ?

F. Luke. Kathleen, don't think of Dermot——To her, man, put your best leg foremost. (*apart to Darby.*)

Dar. Egad, I don't know which is my best leg.

F. Luke. Go, give her a blastoge.

Dar. Oh, I must go and give her a kiss, (*kisses her awkwardly.*) he, he, he ! what sweet lips,—speak for me, Sir.

F. Luke. Hem ! child Kathleen ! —— (*apart to Darby.*) Is the sheep fat ?

Dar. As bacon.

F. Luke. Child ! this boy will make you a good husband—won't you, Darby ?

Dar. Yes, Sir, devil a better.

Kath. Indeed, Father Luke, I'll have nobody but Dermot. (*sings*)

AIR XV.

Dermot's welcome as the May,
Chearful, handsome and good natur'd,
Foolish Darby get away,
Awkward clumsy and ill featur'd;
Lout, Looby, Silly Booby,
Come no more to me a courting.
Was my dearest Dermot here,
All is love and gayest sporting.

II.

Dermot prattles pretty chat,
Darby gapes like any oven,
Dermot's neat from shoe to hat,
Darby's but a dirty sloven.

Lout, Looby, &c.

III.

Dermot's teeth are white as egg,
 Lips as sweet as sugar candy;
 Then he's such a handsome leg,
 Darby's knocker-knee'd and bandy.
 Lout, Looby, &c.

IV.

Dermot walks a comely pace,
 Darby, like an ass, goes stumping;
 Dermot dances with such grace,
 Darby's dancing's only jumping.
 Lout, Looby, &c.

F. Luke. I tell you, child, Dermot's an ugly man
 and a bad christian.

Enter DERMOT.

Dar. Yes, Dermot, you're a bad man and an ugly
 Christian.

F. Luke. Come here, Dermot,—take your mug, you
 empty fellow, (*throws it away.*) I am going to marry
 Kathleen here, and you must give her away.

Derm. Give her away! I must have her first; and
 'twas to ask your consent that I—

F. Luke. Eh! what! you marry her! no such thing—
 don't make a judy of yourself—put it out of your head.

Derm. If that's the case, Father Luke, the two sheep
 that I intended as a present for you, I'll drive to the fair
 to-morrow, and get drunk with the money. (*Going.*)

F. Luke. Hey! two sheep!—Come back here; it's
 a sin to get drunk.—Darby, if you've nothing to do,
 get about your business.

Dar. Sir!

F. Luke. Dermot, child, is'nt it this evening I'm to
 marry you to Kathleen?

C 2

Dar.

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Dar. Him! why lord, Sir! It's me that you're to marry to her.

F. Luke. You, you ordinary fellow!

Dar. Yes, Sir; you know I'm to give you——

F. Luke. [*To Dermot.*] Two sheep. [*aloud to Darby.*] Darby, You don't marry Kathleen.

Dar. No!

F. Luke. No; 'tis two to one against you, so get away, Darby.

Kath. and Derm. Ay, get away, Darby.

F. Luke. Children, I expect Captain Fitzroy at my house for my niece Norah; and I'll couple you all as soon as I get my thumb upon matrimony.

Quartetto. AIR—XVI.

FATHER LUKE, DERMOT, DARBY and KATHLEEN.

KATH. You the point may carry, (to *Der.*
If a while you tarry;

(To *Darby.*) But for you,
I'll tell you true,
No, you I'll never marry.

Cho.—You the point, &c.

DERMOT. Care our souls disowning
Punch our sorrows drowning;
Laugh and love,
And ever prove

Joys our wishes crowning.

Cho.—Care our souls, &c. *her hand.*

DARBY. To the church I'll hand her, (*offers to take*
(*she refuses.*) Then thro' the world I'll wander
I'll sob and sigh,
Until I die,

A poor forsaken gander.

Cho.—To the church, &c.

F. LUKE. Each pious priest since Moses,
One mighty truth discloses;

You're

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You're never vext,
If this the text,
Go fuddle all your noses.
Cho.—Each pious, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE a Grove.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Who can this challenger be? some haymaker perhaps, meet me with a reaping hook, ha, ha, ha!

Bag. (*without.*) Venez ici.

Fitz. (*Looking out.*) Eh, my man Bagatelle.—Ah! the officious puppy, I suppose, has heard of the affair, and is come to prevent mischief.

Bag. Come along, Monsieur Darby.

Fitz. Darby! The name the boy mentioned—let's see.
(*Retires.*)

Enter DARBY and BAGATELLE, with Sword and Pistol

Dar. Mr. Bag and Tail?

Bag. Quoi?

Dar. When I fall, as to be sure I shall, that is, if Patt's second is as wicked as I am, bring my body to Dermot and Kathleen's wedding—I don't think it will be an ugly corps.

Bag. I vill, Monsieur Darby.

Fitz. (*Behind.*) Can Bagatelle be the challenger?

Dar. When Pat shoots, I get behind you (*Stands behind him.*) O, You're cursed thin,—one might as well stand behind a pitchfork,—I wish you were fatter—

Bag. Ah, diable! would you have me Dutchman?

Dar. Indeed I would upon this occasion.—I'd rather fight behind a Dutch weaver than a French church-warden.

Fitz. (*Comes forward.*) Servant, gentlemen.

Bag. Ah, sacre Dieu! mon maître!

Fitz. (*To Darby.*) So you send challenges, you rascal?

C 3

Dar.

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Dar. Me, Sir! Not I, Sir,—Oh, yes, Sir,—I—No, Sir; I got it from Monsieur Bag and Tail.

Bag. No, Monsieur,—Lor Lofty's Coachy—

Fitz. Coachman, Sirrah!

Bag. Oui, Monsieur,—I vill tell your honour touchant cest affaire —Sir, I vas —

Dar. Hold your jabbering—I'll tell the whole story in three words.—Sir, you must know, Pat the Soldier—No—Monsieur Bag and Tail was—Father Luke's House—went by Pat the soldier—No—Come up stairs—No—Norah bid him—Says Pat, says he—What did he say? (*To Bagatelle*)—Oh, she shut the door—out of the window—and before Pat cou'd—No—after—Now I have told you the whole affair.*

Bag. Oui, dat vas de whole affaire

Dar. Yes, Sir, that vas the whole affaire

Fitz. Upon my word, very clearly explained.

Dar. Yes, I didn't go to school for nothing.

Fitz. I find my little Norah is the object of universal gallantry.

Bag. Ah, Monsieur, pardonnez moi!

Fitz. Get to your business, sirrah!

Bag. Ah, malheureux!

[Exit Bag.]

Dar. (*Calling after him.*) Yes, Monsieur, you had better stick to your business.

Fitz. Yes, my friend, and you had better stick to your flail and spade, than meddle with sword and pistol; none but gentlemen should have privilege to murder one another in an honourable way. (*going.*)

Dar. One word, Sir, if you please:

Fitz. (*returning.*) Well, my honest Friend.

Dar. Now, Sir, Kathleen's quite lost; there's one thing troubles me, and I'll leave it to you,—which of the two, Dermot or I, is the prettiest boy for it?

Fitz. Ha, ha, ha! Stupid scoundrel!

[Exit Fitz.]

Dar. Stupid scoundrel! You a Captain! Halloo, Corporal!

Fitz. (*returns*) What, you rascal!

Dar.

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Dar. (*Calling to the other side.*) I say, you Corporal!

[*Exit Fitz.*]

Dar. Such a Swaggerer! Aye, I must go to town and learn to talk to these people.

DARBY——AIR XVII.

I

Since Kathleen has prov'd so untrue,
Poor Darby! ah, what can you do?
No longer I'll stay here a clown,
But sell off and gallop to town,
I'll dress and I'll strut with an air,
The Barber shall frizzle my hair.

II.

In town I shall cut a great dash;
But how for to compass the cash!
At gaming perhaps I may win;
With cards I can take the flats in;
Or trundle false dice and they're nick'd:
If found out I shall only be kick'd.

III

But first for to get a great name,
A duel establish my fame;
To my man then a challenge I'll write;
But first I'll be sure he won't fight.
We'll swear not to part till we fall,
Then shoot with our powder, and—the devil a
ball.

[*Exit Dar.*]

SCENE,

SCENE, *Inside of Father Luke's House.*

F. Luke. (*within.*) I'll teach you to run after soldiers.

Nor. (*within*) Dear Sir—

Enter FATHER LUKE and NORAH.

F. Luke. Come along, you little eadendanah—Pat the Soldier, indeed! If you won't have Captain Fitzroy, you go to Boulogne.—I'll send you to a convent, I will, by my function.

Nor. Sir, I am contented.

F. Luke. Contented! very fine—So you put me into a passion, and now you are contented—go, get in there, Mrs. Knapfack; (*Puts her into the closet, locks the door, and takes out the key.*) Consent to marry Captain Fitzroy, or there you stay till I ship you for France.

Enter FITZROY.

Fitz. Eh, Father Luke! Who's going to France?

F. Luke. Only a young lady here within, Sir, that's a little refractory—she won't marry you, Sir; but I—

Fitz. Refuse my hand! Well, that I did not expect—but do you resign her to me, Sir?

F. Luke. There, with that key I deliver up my authority, (*Gives the key.*) and now if I can find Mr. Patrick, her lover, he goes to the county gaol for a vagabond—a jade! to lose the opportunity of making herself a lady.

[*Exit F. Luke.*]

Fitz. Oh, here is her soldier!

[*Enter*

Enter PATRICK.

Pat. Well, Sir, by your advice I have returned here, like a spy into the enemy's camp.

Fitz. Pray, my friend, were you ever brought to the halberts?

Pat. Sir!

Fitz. How came you absent from your regiment? Have you a furlow?

Pat. (*confused.*) Not about me, Sir.

Fitz. Because you must know that I have the honour to bear the King's commission, and am obliged to take you up for a deserter.

Pat. Sir, 'twas reliance on your honour and good nature that you trepan'd me here, therefore, Sir,—

Fitz. No talk, Sir, 'twas for the good of the service I trepan'd you hither, as you call it; I've a proper person prepared here, into whose custody I shall deliver you.

Pat. (*aside.*) This is a cruel piece of treachery!

Fitz. (*presenting Norah.*) Since you reject me, Madam, here's one that will know how to deal with you.

Nor. My Patrick!

Pat. Oh, Norah! if this be all real, let's kneel and thank our deliverer.

Fitz. No. Patrick, you were my deliverer; I am that very officer whose life you saved at Beattie's Ford. Is it possible that seeing me now without my uniform you should not recollect me! Take from me, gallant youth, the reward of your generosity, valour and constancy.

Pat. I knew your honour, when you this day first spoke to me, and knew too of the trouble you have taken seeking me throughout the army; but I scorned in a point of happiness like this, to take advantage of the nobleness of a soldier's gratitude. (*Kisses Norah's hand.*)

F. Luke.

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F. Luke. (without) No, I can't find the runaway rascal.

Pat. Your Uncle!

Nor. Oh, heavens!

Fitz. Don't be alarmed.

Enter FATHER LUKE, DERMOT, and KATHLEEN.

F. Luke. (seeing Pat.) What's here! Dermot, Darby, lay hold of him.

Derm. Not I.

Dar. I'm no constable.

F. Luke. I say take him, the serjeant shall lay hold of him.

Dar. Why, Sir, the *white* serjeant has laid hold of him.

Fitz. Dear Sir, don't be so violent against a young man that you'll presently marry to your niece.

F. Luke. Me bring a foot soldier into my family!

Fitz. He's no longer so, I have a commission to dispose of, and I cannot set a higher value on it, than by bestowing it to one so worthy.

F. Luke. An Officer! oh! that's another thing!

Dar. Pat an Officer! I'll list to morrow in spite of the black patch.

Pat. Sir, tho' it's a vain attempt, my sweet Norah and I shall endeavour to deserve your patronage and goodness.

Kath. My dear Norah, I wish you joy.

Dar. (apart to Kathleen.) How dare you make so free with an Officer's lady?

F. Luke. But Captain, why do you give up my niece?

Fitz. Sir, the Captain thought himself unworthy of her, when he found superior merit in the POOR SOLDIER.

THE POOR SOLDIER.

35

F I N A L E.

AIR XVIII.

FITZROY:

What true felicity I shall find,
When those are join'd ;
By fortune kind.
How pleasing to me,
So happy to see,
Such merit and virtue rewarded.

NORAH.

No future sorrows can grieve us,
If you will please to forgive us ;
To each kind friend,
Thus lowly we'll bend,
Your pardon—with joy, we're delighted,
Chorus—No future sorrows, &c.

PATRICK.

With my commission, yet dearest life,
My charming wife,
When drum and fife,
Shall beat up to arms,
To plunder your charms ;
In love, your poor soldier you'll find me !

KATHLEEN.

Thus Love my wishes has granted,
I get the dear lad that I wanted ;
Less pleas'd with a duke,
When good Father Luke,
To my own little Dermot has join'd me.
Chorus.—This love, &c.

DARBY.

You impudent hussy, (*Der. frowns*) a pretty rate!
Of love you prate ;
But hark ye, Kate,

Your

THE POOR SOLDIER.

Your dear little lad,
Will find that his pad,
Has got a nice—kick in her gallop.

Father LUKE.

Now Darby, upon my salvation,
You merit excommunication ;
In love but agree,
And shortly you'll see,
In marriage I'll soon tie you all up.

Chorus.—Now Darby, &c.

DERMOT.

The devil a bit o'me cares a bean,
For neat and clean ;
We'll both be seen,
Myself and my lass,
Next Sunday, at mass,
And there we'll be coupled for ever.

PATRICK.

The laurel I've won in the field, Sirs,
Yet now in a garden I yield, Sirs,
Nor think it a shame,
Your mercy to claim,
Your mercy's my sword and my shield, Sirs.
The laurel and bays,
Revive by your praise,
The poet solicits your pardon ;
Then be not severe,
With smiles you can cheer,
The posies of your Covent-Garden.

CHORUS.

The laurel and bays,
Revive by your praise, &c.

F I N I S.

